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ART. V. *Harrington, a Tale, and Ormond, a Tale*, by Maria Edgeworth, author of *Tales of Fashionable Life, Belinda, &c.* 2 vols. Van Winkle & Wiley and James Eastburn & Co. New York, 1817.

To criticise the works of Miss Edgeworth fairly, is much the same as to praise them. They are every where marked with the traces of a philosophick mind, a fertile invention, and a good heart. She does not, like many of her fellow labourers in fiction, imagine situations that never can be realized and elaborate personages that come into the world upon absurd errands;—that live without making us desire to be acquainted with them, and act without exciting our sympathy; she carries us into the throng of living, suffering, and enjoying men and women, animated by the passions with which real life is glowing, and busy with pursuits in which we ourselves are interested. She does not idly amuse herself and her readers with the forms and exterior show of life, but penetrates to the secret springs of action, and discloses the sources of the passions and the innumerable circumstances that contribute to their accumulating depth and swell—she scientifically demonstrates the almost imperceptible tendencies of opinions and maxims of conduct—and describes with philosophical accuracy the gradual stealing on of habits, of which we are apt to be unconscious till we find them indelibly fixed and wrought into our most intimate composition.

She does not write with a view only to effect and admiration ; the object of her labours is human happiness ; she aims to illustrate the means of attaining the greatest enjoyment and the truest and most permanent honour. She strips off the showy disguise in which worthlessness conceals itself from hasty observation, and not only instructs us that it is despicable, but makes us despise it. No writer more accurately discriminates between the real and the seeming ; she fixes the reader's attention upon the moral qualities and mental endowments of her leading characters, and does not suffer their worth and virtues to be so obscured and rendered vulgar even by the homeliness of their condition, that we can look upon them as persons who are merely well enough in their way, but quite unworthy of our respect or interest ; nor are we ever drawn into admiration of little qualities and depraved affections, because they are set off with the pagantry of rank or brilliance of fashion. Other novel writers, as well as Miss Edgeworth, have reflected deeply and widely upon the economy of life, but it is not easy to name one who has so well displayed its good and ill, and so powerfully induced the reader to approve what is worthy, and desire to be what he approves. It has been objected to her, that her design is too obvious and that the reader is too well apprised of her purpose of giving him a lesson and ' talking to him for his good,' and is almost induced to put himself on his guard against so wise and sensible a lecturer, but it commonly happens that interest in the story soon wins upon his pride ; he is allured on by the beauties of the tale, while he is unconsciously imbibing the maxims and sentiments of right living.

It is this moral wholesomeness of Miss Edgeworth's writings, and their tendency to make us understand men and their ways, and instruct us how to turn our means of happiness to the greatest account, that principally distinguish them from most other novels, good and bad. She administers an antidote to the poisons which many writers of her class mix in their compositions. *Their* stories abound with wonderful events and surprising turns of fortune, for which no adequate causes are assigned, and which are, in reading, probable only to a heated fancy, and in experience would be considered little less than miraculous. Their fantastical splendour forms a striking contrast with sober and habitual fact,

and throws insipidity and tameness over the events that really happen in the world, while it raises hopes in the sanguine and credulous, that are to be blasted and followed by regrets more poignant and remediless, than the sufferings of actual calamity. It is to little purpose to dissuade readers from these seductive fancies; a thirst for excitement hurries them into the sentimental deliriums of romance; artificial raptures and premeditated emotions become necessary by habit, and the more desired as they are the more intense, till in the end their subjects are then only miserable when they are in their sober senses. They converse with demigods and demons till they can hardly tolerate men, whom they regard with compassionate contempt, as ordinary and tame things, quite destitute of romantick virtues and vices; and they even forfeit their own self-respect by not acting out the heroick follies with which their imaginations are filled.

But it is not the greatest fault in novels, that they sometimes give their readers a fantastical turn of thinking. Many of them, and those too, which are considered essential parts of a circulating library, and of a course of literary amusement, hold up false views of life and inculcate pernicious principles of action;—they array their moral free-booters with such splendour of conquest and achievement that the reader is inadvertently drawn in to admire and excuse in them what he would deem insupportably dishonourable in himself. We have particularly in view the works of Fielding, Smollet and Madame de Stael. One must be thoroughly master of himself, and well acquainted with the influences that determine the fortunes of men, to read books of this description habitually, and at the same time preserve a healthy tone of moral feeling.

It is not unusual with the writers of fiction to represent chance as the arbitress of the world. Men, whether they hold the course of honour or grovel in meanness, are, if *they* are to be believed, but the accidental victims or favourites of unmeaning fortune. The brightness of virtue, prudence, the pride of moral energy, and the waywardness of folly and error, are matters of curious speculation, but have no influence upon our destinies. One may pursue a hero through two or three volumes of adventures, which do not obstruct or promote the conclusion of the story, and seem to be connected with it only as they precede in order of time. The hero's qualities, designs and exploits are vain matters

that lead to no consequences, but are all blown away by some cross wind of luck, and he becomes all at once the most to be envied or most to be pitied of mankind, not because his character or conduct has any tendency to make him so, but because his mistress smiles, his rich old uncle is dead, or a letter by the post has miscarried. Hence it comes to pass that many devout novel-readers, who are not precisely what or where they would be in the world, never think of charging the adverse turn of their fortunes to their own indolence or weakness, but attribute every thing to their stars. It is in vain to write sensible books, to expound the maxims of common sense to these persons, or to make a direct exposure of their errors and absurdities, for they are of all others the least likely to put themselves in the way of such edification. They must be managed as ingenious superintendants of asylums for the insane treat their subjects; they must be indulged and humoured in some of their follies and vagaries, till reason, having made a lodgement from the quarter where they are most accessible, regains possession of their understandings. In this art of healing the novel-sick mind, Miss Edgeworth is a most skilful physician. She frames her stories with such pressing interest as to engage and delight the most fastidious devotee of fiction; and at the same time interweaves just and philosophical views of life and sound maxims of prudence. One does not read even her inconsiderable works, without feeling his moral principles to be invigorated, and learning something of the means, by which existence is made desirable and useful. On these accounts Miss Edgeworth ought to be ranked among the great reformers, who have given a new direction to the faculties and opinions of mankind, or accelerated them in some laudable course, which they had already taken. Others come forward with more lofty pretensions, and call upon men to become their followers or opposers. She does not pretend to have made discoveries that may gratify the curious by giving origin to a new science, or to utter any system of opinions with which her name may be incorporated and transmitted. Her pretensions are ordinary and in the common course; she only professes to entertain us with a tale; but under this simple guise she has a great and generous purpose. As Egyptian Hermes civilized nations by the sound of his lyre, so she, by the rehearsal of a story, improves the morals, manners, and refinement of nations already civilized.

No writer has done more to domesticate that philosophy, which Socrates professed to have brought down from the heavens and caused to dwell among men.

Those who are at all conversant with the literary history of this lady, must have observed the singular dignity and propriety with which she has always appeared before the publick. The animadversions of criticism have never drawn from her any sign of fretfulness or perversity; the carpings of envy have never provoked her to expressions of contempt, nor has her brilliant success betrayed her into any display of the pride of authorship. The consciousness of a high and generous aim to ameliorate the condition of her readers by exciting in them a lively perception of practical truths, has raised her above the irritations and weaknesses to which those are liable, who write only from ambition or vanity.

We do not mean by all this that Miss Edgeworth is a writer of unrivalled genius, but that she is something better; she does not often astonish by what is great and overwhelming, but she always commands our respect and our thanks. To use a common illustration, the torrent that sweeps along with terrible power and leaves desolation in its track, has much of grandeur and sublimity; but we are not so fond of a spectacle as not to prefer the quiet stream that pleasantly winds through an easy course, fertilizing as it goes, and making its banks cheerful with flowers and rich in fruits. One is more excited and agitated amid precipices and wilds haunted by beasts of prey; but we rather resort to the safer scenes of our author's creation, which, like her native island, are fresh and fruitful, and breed no venomous reptile to lurk in our path.

Bold conceptions and magnificence of description are without the scope of Miss Edgeworth's writings, and to say that she is not distinguished for them is only saying, that she does not write on a different plan; as it is, their introduction would be a fault, since they would abstract from the moral and practical effect. Readers of slow sensibilities and coarse perceptions, have some reason to complain of her, as not being sufficiently violent and shocking, while those of a quick sense of beauty and ready play of emotion, find nothing tame in her evenness;—her acute discrimination of character, the ingenious contexture of her work in reference to the end proposed, and her finished style of composition, are to these latter, more grateful and more satisfying, than the perturba-

tions and tumults of more strenuous writers. Her style deserves particular notice for its copiousness, flexibility and finish, and excepting now and then a cold and far-fetched illustration, it may be safely adopted as a model. The words never impede or constrain the thought, but flow in all varieties of characters and circumstances with fulness and uninterrupted freedom. She has given striking proofs of extensive observation and wide acquaintance with men and their pursuits, by introducing into her works statesmen, lawyers, physicians, farmers and artists and mechanicks of all sorts, and describing the processes and details of the profession or occupation of each ; and we know of no author of the same class, who has attempted to lay open and explain so much of the secret machinery by which the great system of society is kept in operation. Had she been led to this attempt by vanity and an affectation of understanding people's business quite as well as they do themselves, we should think it worth while to show that she does not talk of business like one who has been bred to it, and join in the ridicule of those criticks who have discovered that she does not speak of politicks like a minister of state, or describe a suit at law like an attorney. But she has been drawn into these details by no idle or ridiculous motive, and therefore, though we wish she had informed herself more accurately of some things of which she undertakes to give an account, we have no disposition to make her awkwardness or mistakes the subjects of ridicule. She has had two objects, the one, to impose upon those, who should take up her books for amusement, useful or curious information that lies a little out of the ordinary course ; and in this she has often succeeded ; thus, in the story of *The Negro*, she gives an account no less accurate than curious of the *Obi* men and women of the *West Indian* negroes ; her works furnish innumerable instances of the same sort ;—her other and more important object has been to let us into those unobserved and long continued efforts by which men make their way to their permanent condition in society, and to shew that greatness is not so often ‘ thrust upon ’ men as ‘ achieved ’ by them, and to illustrate how wretchedness is more frequently the regular and natural result of some defect of character or error of opinion, than of any fatal influence of uncontrollable circumstances. This latter purpose does not require an exact delineation of processes, precisely as they are gone through in fact, though we acknowledge it is more workman-

like and more in the spirit of art to give them thus ; but it suffices for the purposes of illustration and instruction, if the course of imagined causes and effects corresponds to, and is parallel with reality. Now this is the case with Miss Edgeworth ; her persons meet with obstacles such as real life abounds in, and encounter them in a way sometimes exactly conformable to experience, at others, very like it. It was very bold, perhaps sometimes rash in her, to meddle with the arcana of arts and professions in which she was necessarily so little of an adept ; but she has so often succeeded that she may be excused for sometimes failing. Few writers of fiction have dared to make so hazardous an experiment ; they have been afraid to bring their people into the broad light of accustomed action and submit them to near inspection, lest they should dwindle into insignificance. Many of them resort to foreign countries or darkle in forests and mountains where the imagination may range more at large, and where the strangeness of the scene and wildness of the work constitute half the interest of the story ; those who approach nearer to men and affairs still place the main action in the very extremes and outskirts of life, and fix the attention principally upon singular situations and excentricities of character. Those who have ventured into common and habitual life and put their principal persons into situations in which we every day find ourselves or see others, have, with a very few exceptions, proved tame and dull writers. Miss Edgeworth, on the contrary, with all the weight of accustomed facts, and bound by the usual forms of society, moves with freedom, grace, and spirit.

We sat down to this article with a determination to find fault with Miss Edgeworth, for bringing forward her moral too obtrusively,—explaining what is obvious,—making inferences which the reader had anticipated,—and forcing her lessons upon him with too relentless a perseverance. But the more we reflect upon her writings, the less disposition we find in ourselves to censure. She does not write for a select few, who need not her instructions, but for the mass of story-readers, to a great majority of whom these qualities are not faults ; and she writes with a laudable determination not to let them off with a mere treat of fancy and passion, but resolves to force reflection upon them and fix a lesson in their memories. To this end she so constructs her novels that the moral is commonly uppermost in the reader's mind, and

he never recollects the story, without recollecting the object for which it was written. The name of Vivian always reminds one of the misfortunes consequent to a vehement 'infirmity of purpose;' the mention of Ennui does not so readily remind one of the sprightly and sarcastick conversations of Lady Geraldine or the shrewdness and comical humour of Paddy the coachman, as of the insupportable persecutions of a powerful, active, and generous mind, morbidly recoiling upon itself.

It has been justly remarked, that Miss Edgeworth sometimes confines her invention by the straitness of her plan, and by adhering so closely to her main purpose; but she has not incurred this inconvenience without reason, for it has enabled her to keep the moral and application of her story constantly in view, and thus give her works that practical utility for which they are so much distinguished. It is perhaps to be regretted that she has written so much, for though she has by this means rendered greater service to her own age, she has the less chance of being generally read hereafter. Her contemporaries read her works piecemeal as they come out, as a matter of course, or as a fashionable requisite, but to undertake against such an array of volumes at once would be an enterprise too trying for the nerves of most story-readers, and the monotony of many of her situations and incidents, and the near affinity of many of her characters, particularly of her unexceptionable young ladies, would in that case be more apparent. Posterity will however probably make a selection and content themselves with some of her best specimens.

But we must not forget *Harrington and Ormond*.

Harrington is written on the author's usual plan of inculcating some useful truth, or removing some pernicious error; it was undertaken from the suggestion of an American Jewess of North Carolina, that Miss Edgeworth had spoken disrespectfully and illiberally of the Jews in some of her former works; and is intended to combat the prejudices that exist, or are supposed to exist against that nation; and to shew that a Jew may be, after all, a gentlemanly, generous sort of man, and that it is not altogether preposterous for a young gentleman to fall in love with a Jewess. As it respects this country the lesson might have been spared, for very few among us, who are likely to read Miss Edgeworth's book, can be suspected of supposing Jews and Christians to

be different sorts of beings. We know of no social or political privations to which our Jews are subject, and Miss Edgeworth has given us credit for treating them like other people. We think the story is calculated to have an effect rather unfavourable to the Jews of this country, as it tends to single them out as objects of observation, whereas they might otherwise have passed on in the crowd without any national distinction. Their condition is stated, on pretty good authority, to be the same in Great Britain, so that this tale, to be of any practical utility, should be translated into Portuguese or Turkish, or some other language, where there are prejudices and injustice for it to act upon. Unless we are mistaken in regard to the sentiments entertained towards the Jews by English and American Christians, the story labours under an essential defect of plan by being directed against errors and wrongs, of which the reader is wholly ignorant. But notwithstanding this waste of strength in encountering a shadow, the performance on the whole, though it does not add to the author's reputation, is not altogether unworthy of it. The story commences at about the middle of the last century for the sake of embracing the period when the Jews were exposed to popular persecution, and the hero, Harrington, is introduced to us when he is six years old, in the following admirable description.

‘As I stood peeping through the bars of the balcony, I saw star after star of light appear in quick succession, at a certain height and distance, in a regular line, approaching nearer and nearer to me. I twitched the skirt of my maid's gown repeatedly, but she was talking to some acquaintance in the window of a neighbouring house, and she did not attend to me. I pressed my forehead more closely against the bars of the balcony, and strained my eyes more eagerly towards the objects of my curiosity. Presently the figure of the lamp-lighter with his blazing torch in one hand, and his ladder in the other, became visible, and, with as much delight as ever philosopher enjoyed in discovering the cause of a new and grand phenomenon, I watched his operations. I saw him fix and mount the ladder with his little black pot swinging from his arm, and his red smoking torch waving with astonishing velocity, as he ran up and down the ladder. Just when he reached the ground, being then within a few yards of our house, his torches flamed on the face and figure of an old man with a long white beard and dark visage, who, holding a great bag slung over one shoulder, walked slowly on straight forwards, repeating

in a low, abrupt, mysterious tone the cry of 'Old Clothes.' As he looked up at our balcony my maid nodded to him; he stood still, and at the same instant she seized upon me, exclaiming, 'Time for you to come off to bed, Master Harrington.'

'I insisted, and, clinging to the rails, began kicking and roaring.'

'If you don't come quietly this minute, master Harrington,' said she, 'I'll call to Simon the Jew there,' pointing to him, 'and he shall come up and carry you away in his great bag.'

'The old man's eyes were upon me; to my fancy the look of his eyes and his whole face had changed in an instant. I was struck with terror—my hands let go their grasp—and I suffered myself to be carried off as quietly as my maid could desire.' p. 5.

Fowler made use of this spell to reduce the refractory spirit of *dear little master*, whenever he hesitated to yield obedience, till this idea of Old Simon and a certain Jew of Paris, who used to make meat-pies of little children, took entire possession of his imagination; the moment he was alone after dark, devils and hobgoblins and Simon the Jew thronged in to torment him, and Fowler was obliged to sit by his bed singing, caressing, cajoling, hushing, and conjuring him to sleep, till finally she protested 'that nothing would make master Harrington easy by day or by night, and for her part she could not pretend to stand it much longer.' Accordingly the *faithful creature* is recommended to Lady de Brantefield as a nursery-maid for her daughter, little Lady Ann Mowbray.

Young Harrington's terrors remain and his fear of Old Simon settles into a general antipathy to the Jews, which is encouraged and confirmed by his father's prejudices, and supposed by his mother and his friends to be an idiosyncrasy, this being a ready way of accounting for what was otherwise unaccountable.

Young Harrington's father, a member of parliament, a staunch friend to government and enemy of the Jews, and one who piqued himself on sticking to his principles, at length determined that his son should be sent from home, 'he should not be made a Miss Molly, and to school he should go, by *Jupiter Ammon*, the next morning, plump.' At school he forms an intimacy with Mowbray, the son of Lady de Brantefield, and their intimacy is strengthened by their making common cause against an honest, inoffensive, long-suffering Jew pedler, who came once a week to supply the young fraternity

with such gratifications of their wants and fancies, as their pocket money could command. This itinerant trader, Jacob, who turns out to be the son of Old Simon, is persecuted by his tormentors with Mowbray at their head, till he is compelled to discontinue his visits, and he bears all their ingenious and reiterated cruelties with such meek, unresisting fortitude, as excites a painful mixture of respect and compassion. Harrington's good feelings finally overcoming his antipathy, he takes Jacob's part. Mowbray is actuated throughout by a fell, relentless malignity, which renders him one of those characters that it is a pleasure to detest. Mowbray is henceforward the secret enemy of Harrington, and it is from his contrast and competition with this evil genius, that no small part of the interest the reader takes in Harrington is derived.

Harrington quits the school for the university, and Mowbray for the army. After the lapse of some years, having now become men, they meet again in London and set out in their fashionable career. The Jews mean time are not forgotten; Mowbray meets with Jacob at Gibraltar and ruins both him and his master. Harrington is recommended by Jacob to a Mr. Israel Lyons, a Jew and professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, whose conversation and countenance are greatly serviceable to him, and who gives him a letter of introduction to Montenero a Jew merchant in London, and a conspicuous character in the subsequent part of the tale. Great curiosity is previously excited about Montenero, and it is not disappointed when he appears. He is possessed of unbounded wealth; he is mild, lofty, generous and affable, and altogether such a man as one respects and esteems with his whole heart. But Harrington does not immediately meet with him, for his mother is full of presentiments and presages,—is alarmed at his new sympathy for Jews and predicts that his fortunes are in some way fatally connected with that people; and to prevent the course which his fates seem to be taking, she burns his letter of introduction to Mr. Montenero. With the letter, the Jews for a time disappear, and we are carried to Lady de Brantefield's, who is 'a stiff, haughty-looking, faded picture of a faded old beauty. She is in black, in a hoop of vast circumference, and looks and moves as if her being Countess de Brantefield in her own right, and concentrating in her own person five baronies, ought to be forever present to the memory of all mankind, as it is to her

own.' Her character is drawn with perfect symmetry and she maintains throughout the same trivial stateliness and shallow majesty. Here Harrington again sees Lady Anne the marchioness's daughter, whom he recollects when her little Ladyship was sitting upright on her stool at her mother's feet, very vain of her pink sash, and when he longed to ask her whether Fowler had told her the story of Simon the Jew, but durst not speak in presence of her mother; and he now saw her a light fantastick figure, bedecked with 'daisies pied,' covered with a profusion of tiny French flowers, whose invisible stalks kept in perpetual motion, as she turned her pretty head from side to side. Smiling, sighing, tittering, flirting with the officers around her; Lady Anne appeared, and seemed as if she delighted in appearing as perfect a contrast as possible to her august and formidable mother.' p. 55.

The parents all but project a match between Harrington and this incomparable assemblage of nonsense and the graces, but it comes very little in the way of that projected by the author, for which we are obliged to her, as these counter-plots of parents are generally tedious and hackneyed, and sometimes painful parts of a novel.

At the theatre the Jewish matters proceed again, and we are brought acquainted with some new personages whom Miss Edgeworth introduces in her best manner.

'The beaux and belles in the boxes of the crowded theatre had bowed and curtsied, for in those days beaux did bow and belles did curtsy; the impatient sticks in the pit and shrill cat-calls in the gallery, had begun to contend with the music in the orchestra; and thrice had we surveyed the house to recognise every body whom any body knew, when the door of the box next to ours, the only box that had remained empty, was thrown open, and in poured an over-dressed party, whom nobody knew. Lady de Brantefield, after one reconnoitring look, pronounced them to be city Goths and Vandals; and without resting her glass upon them for half a moment, turned it to some more profitable field of speculation. There was no gentleman of this party, but a portly matron towering above the rest seemed the principal mover and orderer of the group. The awkward bustle they made, facing and backing, placing and changing of places, and the difficulty they found in seating themselves, were in striking contrast with the high bred ease of the ladies of our party. Lady Anne Mowbray looked down upon their operations with a pretty air of

quiet surprise, tinged with horror, while my mother's shrinking delicacy endeavoured to suggest some idea of propriety to the city matron, who having taken her station next to us in the second row, had at last seated herself so that a considerable portion of the back part of her head dress was in my mother's face; moreover the citizen's huge arm, with its enormous gauze cuff, leaning on the partition which divided, or ought to have divided her from us, considerably passed the line of demarcation. Lady de Brantefield, with all the pride of all the de Brantefields since the Norman conquest concentrated in her countenance, threw an excommunicating, withering look upon the arm; but the elbow felt it not; it never stirred. The lady seemed not to be made of penetrable stuff. In happy ignorance she sat fanning herself for a few seconds, then suddenly starting and stretching forward to the front row where five of her young ladies were wedged, she aimed with the but end of her fan at each of their backs in quick succession, and in a more than audible whisper asked, 'Cecy! Issy! Henny! Queeny! Miss Coates; where's Berry? All eyes turned to look for Berry—Oh, mercy, behind in the back row; Miss Berry, that must not be—come forward, here's my place' or Queeny's,' cried Mrs. Coates, stretching backwards with her utmost might to seize some one in the farthest corner of the back row, who had hitherto been invisible. We expected to see in Miss Berry another vulgarian produced, but, to our surprise, we beheld one who seemed of a quite different order of beings from those by whom she was surrounded. Lord Mowbray and I looked at each other, struck by the same sentiment, pained for this elegant timid young creature, as we saw her all blushing and reluctant, forced by the irresistible fat orderer of all things, to 'step up on the seat'—to step forward from bench to bench, and then wait in painful pre-eminence, while Issy and Cecy, and Queeny and Miss Coates settled how they could make room, or which should vacate their seat in her favour. In spite of the awkwardness of her situation, she stood with such quiet, resigned, yet dignified grace, that ridicule could not touch her.' p. 68.

Miss Berry turns out to be the daughter of the Jew merchant Montenero; she is of course henceforth the centre of action, and is destined to excite anxiety and admiration in Harrington and the reader for a time, and make both happy in the end. The Merchant of Venice was unexpectedly announced as the play, and Macklin acted the part of Shylock. Miss Montenero could not support the representation, she was compelled to leave the theatre, and Harrington attended her. The citess is made to express her concern for Berry,

on the announcement of the unlucky play, in a manner the most characteristick, and she is drawn with no less spirit and with as fine touches of vulgarity as Mrs. Raffarty in the Absentee, and one is induced to believe that some real Mrs. Coates sat for the picture. For instance, Mr. Montenero passes by her at an auction without recognizing her, at which she takes occasion to say ‘and never noticed me I declare. That’s too good.’ She receives a letter relating to Berenice (Berry) which she sends to Harrington, having inscribed upon it, ‘a sugar plum for a certain gentleman.’

Montenero’s house henceforward becomes the scene of the most important transactions. After many intervening events in which the refinement, generosity and knowledge of Montenero,—the enthusiasm and fairness of Harrington—the malignant underworking duplicity of his rival Mowbray—the loveliness and accomplishments of Berenice—and the frivolity of Lady Anne are strikingly displayed; it happens that on the occasion of a mob, the marchioness de Brantefield and her daughter take shelter in the house of Montenero. The lofty vapid imbecility and selfishness of the marchioness is there admirably contrasted with the generous energy and resource of an Irish orange-woman, by whose address they are all saved from the fury of the mob. We regret that we cannot quote the whole scene. While every one is making all possible exertion for safety, the dowager marchioness is reproaching her daughter for bringing her into the house of a Jew, and when her attention is called to the danger of their situation she exclaims, ‘a de Brantefield; they dare not; who will presume to touch a de Brantefield?’ and Lady Anne simpers out, ‘Dear; how odd.’ In this scene of danger and enlargement of the passions, Harrington and Berenice are mutually drawn nearer and have a more direct intelligence of each other’s sentiments. He soon after declares himself to her father, and though he is treated with greatest kindness, his proposals are not directly accepted or rejected. He is told that there is some terrible obstacle which may or may not be insurmountable. Harrington taxes his invention in vain to discover what this obstacle may be. It finally turns out that Mowbray, while a rival suitor for Berenice’s hand, had, insidiously and with apparent compassion and regret, intimated to Montenero that Harrington was subject to fits of insanity. The reader then learns why Harrington has a number of times been made to appear

somewhat silly and ridiculous, and why Montenero has more than once expressed a compassionate concern for him. He also understands why Mowbray, speaking to Harrington of the impression his enthusiasm had made on Berenice, said, to him 'you succeed in that line, follow it up;' and why he had in a number of instances drawn Harrington into situations of embarrassment and encouraged the exposure of his weaknesses. Thus at the conclusion many previous parts of the story assume a new aspect, and if this is not a fault of our sagacity or attention, we think it one in the story itself. It is more flattering to the reader to be in the author's secret. Mowbray's character and the rivalry between him and Harrington might suggest to an attentive reader that something was meant more than met the ear, and on reflection he might have divined very nearly what that something would turn out to be; but one does not study novels. The other defect hinted at above is still more important, we mean the necessity, which the plot involves, of attributing to Harrington weaknesses that make him ridiculous rather than interesting. The heroes of novels are represented to be men, and may, like other heroes, have their imperfections, but then they should be such as add to our regard and excite our sympathy as much as they diminish our respect, else the reader naturally asks himself why this great ado about a person for whom nobody cares.

As to Jacob the pedler, the reader has at best but a sort of tolerating compassion and indifferent respect for him, and wherever he appears he humbles the tone of things. We think he makes much too great a figure. It may be said that this is all for the sake of the Jews, but we very much doubt, whether, if they needed any vindication, they would be flattered with one of this sort. In short,—for we may as well say it here though it is going a little out of our way,—we cannot but consider the whole performance, regarded as a defence of the Jews, to be very feeble. The whole weight of the national character rests upon Montenero, a Jew gentleman,—Mr Israel Lyons, a professor of Hebrew,—Simon the old-clothes-man,—and Jacob the pedler; for all we know of the Manessas, is, that they failed in business at Gibraltar and set up again in London; and as for Berenice she proves to be no Jew at all. Now to reconcile to the Jews all the Lady de Brantefields in the world, who cannot abide them, and the Messrs. Harringtons, who swear by Jupiter Ammon they'll

none of them, one would think that the persons who are to bring about this amnesty should appear with some of the peculiarities of the nation. Instead of this, Miss Edgeworth's Jews act like very christians, except that Montenero is once seen in the synagogue, and even there he acts the good christian rather than the good Jew, for he gives money on a festival, which, if we are rightly informed, the Jews never do. In short the whole amounts to this, that a Jew may be a gentleman merchant and connoisseur, a gentleman professor of Hebrew, an honest pedler, an old-clothes-man or a jeweller, which we think there are few in the world such inveterate Lady de Brantefields as to deny.

We have done with what seem to us the defects of this story, after having mentioned, what has already been remarked upon by others, the cunning and rather ungentlemanly devices resorted to by Harrington to detect Fowler the maid in a larceny, and adding that the author has managed the prosecution of Montenero for the murder of one of the mob too much after her manner of managing law-suits in her preceding novels.

But notwithstanding these faults of design and imperfections in execution, there is much in this tale to admire and be delighted with. The characters are in general drawn with the author's usual penetration and fine perception of the subtle qualities that make the individual. Mowbray, of a savage heart, contradicted and partially concealed by a fair semblance and sprightly conversation, could be portrayed by no other than a skilful artist. Lady de Brantefield is a subject of less difficulty, but there is merit in having imagined her so well; her formal stately insignificance is sustained and carried out to perfection. Lady Anne is a model in her kind, and she is of a class of which the author always furnishes the finest specimens; no writer equals Miss Edgeworth in producing those unsubstantial forms, of evanescent and ever varying hues, that float like bubbles on the surface of fashion. Miss Berenice too is not to be forgotten, and though she went a step too far, we think, when at the opera she made known to all persons whom it might concern, that 'for her own part she had formed a resolution, an unalterable resolution, never to marry a man who had fought a duel in which he had been the challenger,' yet, on the whole, we think her quite an admirable young lady and much to be preferred to

Miss Edgeworth's heroines in general. These make a strong hand for one novel, and Mrs. Coates and the widow Levy are powerful auxiliaries.

Characters so well conceived and sustained, must necessarily supply some fine scenes ; such are those at the theatre, at Lady de Brantefield's after Mowbray's return from his campaign, at the picture auction, and at Montenero's during the mob. In these and some other parts of the story the author gives us that contexture of manners, with which social life is habited, which, to say nothing of its utility, is much more beautiful and more difficult to fabricate, than the fantastically figured work, that is only wondered at and never worn.

This contrariety of excellences and defects is the cause why this tale leaves the reader with mixed and conflicting sensations of admiration and dissatisfaction. We take leave of Harrington without regret on the whole, as we are much better pleased with his successor.

Ormond 'is in some respects the reverse of Vivian,' and illustrates the operation of innate force of character and the progress of a mind, not cultivated by early instruction, but by its proper strength equal to all occasions, and capable of being educated by circumstances. The moral is not very palpably obtruded upon the reader, and for this reason the tale, we think, though more pleasing to the few, is less useful to the many.

We will give a slight sketch of the story for the sake of introducing remarks, not doubting that our readers are well acquainted with it already, and wishing, if they are not so, to give them a motive, rather than a substitute for reading it.

Ormond loses his mother and is left by his father, while he is yet a child, to the protection of Sir Ulick O'Shane, who 'is a fine gallant off hand looking Irishman, with something of dash in his tone and air, which at first view might lead a common observer to pronounce him to be vulgar ; but at five minutes after sight, a good judge of men and manners would discover in him the power of assuming whatever manner he chooses, from the audacity of the callous profligate to the deference of the accomplished courtier,—that capability of adapting himself to his company and his views, whether his object were 'to set the senseless table in a roar' or to insinuate himself into the delicate female heart.' 'He had

successively won three wives, who had each in their turn been desperately enamoured. The first he loved and married imprudently, for love, at seventeen. The second he admired, and married prudently, for ambition, at thirty. The third he hated, but married from necessity for money, at forty five.' p. 237. His third wife, the widow Scraggs, was a London citess and a saint; 'still she loved Sir Ulick though a sinner, and to please him, relaxed to the wearing of rogue and pearl powder, and false eyebrows, and all the falsifications, which the *setters up* could furnish.'

Sir Ulick had a son Marcus, a paltry, blustering, cowardly sort of gentleman blackguard, who serves very well as a foil and contrast to Ormond; he had also a cousin Cornelius O' Shane, proprietor of the islands of a neighbouring lake, who styled himself, and was styled by his tenants and neighbours king Corny of the Black Isles, and his majesty is very much regarded by every reader of this novel. He is a lover of sport and good cheer, and on the occasion of his birth day entertains Marcus and Ormond, who, returning late to castle Hermitage, the residence of Sir Ulick, and more in a mood for action than reasoning, fall into a fray with some carmen, one of whom Ormond dangerously wounds. This circumstance awakens him to reflection and begins the development of his character. He devotes himself day and night to the care of Moriarty Carroll, the wounded carman.

The widow Scraggs that was, is piqued at Sir Ulick's regard for Ormond, and irrevocably resolves that Moriarty shall not die at castle Hermitage, and that Ormond shall not live there; and accordingly Sir Ulick announces to Ormond that it is time for him to begin his adventures. King Corny, hearing of his banishment, sends him the following letter.

'Dear Harry—What the mischief has come over cousin Ulick to be banishing you from Castle Hermitage?—But since he *conformed* he was never the same man, especially since his last mis-marriage.—But no use moralizing—he was always too much of a courtier for me.—Come you to me, my dear boy, who is no courtier, and you'll be received and embraced with open arms—was I Briareus the same way,—Bring Moriarty Carroll, (if that's his name,) the boy you shot, which has given you so much concern—for which I like you the better—and honour that boy, who living or dying, forbad to prosecute.—Don't be surprised to see the roof the way it is;—since Tuesday I wedged it up bodily

without stirring a stick ;—you'll see it from the boat, standing three foot high above the walls, waiting while I'm building up to it—to get attics—which I shall for next to nothing—by my own contrivance.—Meantime, good dry lodging, as usual, for all friends at the palace. *He* shall be well tended for you by Sheelah Duns-haughlin, the mother of Betty, worth a hundred of her ! and we'll soon set him up again with the help of such a nurse, as well as ever, I'll engage ; for I'm a bit of a doctor, you know, as well as every thing else —But don't let any other doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, be coming after him for your life—for none ever gets a permit to land, to my knowledge, on the Black Islands—to which I attribute, under Providence, to say nothing of my own skill in practice, the wonderful preservation of my people in health—that, and woodsorrel, and another secret or too not to be committed to paper in a hurry—all which I would not have written to you, but am in the gout since four this morning, held by the foot fast—else I'd not be writing, but would have gone every inch of the way for you myself in style, in lieu of sending, which is all I can now do, my six-oar'd boat, streamers flying, and piper playing like mad—for I would not have you be coming like a banished man, but in all glory to Cornelius O'Shane, commonly called king *Corny*—but no *king* for you, only your hearty old friend.' pp. 268, 269.

Harry accordingly makes a triumphal entry into the dominions of king *Corny*, and is created prince of the Black Islands. This dignity brings with it the privilege of fishing and hunting, and drinking his fill ; for king *Corny*, it must be known, was like other sovereigns, a great hunter, with this distinction, that he hunted badgers and foxes, and not men. Harry joined in all his amusements with great spirit, except that of drinking ; while tending on Moriarty he had formed a resolution among others, that ' he would not drink more than (*blank number of*) glasses.' But his spirit of loyalty to his new sovereign was so fervent that notwithstanding his resolution, he obeyed king *Corny's* command ' to sit still and be a good fellow,' till he found himself fairly intoxicated. Then comes the trial and display of his character, by which he shows himself not to be Vivian.

' After a dinner given to his chief tenants and the *genteel* people of the islands, a dinner in honour and in introduction of his *adopted son*, king *Corny* gave a toast ' to the prince presumptive,' as he now styled him—a bumper toast. Soon afterwards he de-

tected *day-light* in Harry's glass, and cursing it properly, he insisted on flowing bowls and full glasses. 'What! are you prince *presumptuous*?' cried he, with a half angry and astonished look, 'Would you resist and contradict your father and king at his own table after dinner!—Down with the glass!'—

Further and steady resistance changed the jesting tone and half angry look of king Corny into sullen silence, and a black portentous brow of serious displeasure; after a decent time of sitting, the bottle passing him without further importunity, Ormond rose—it was a hard struggle—for in the face of his benefactor, he saw reproach and rage bursting from every feature. Still he moved on towards the door—he heard the words 'sneaking off sober!—let him sneak!'

'Ormond had his hand on the lock of the door—it was a bad lock, and opened with difficulty.

'There's gratitude for you! No heart after all!—I mistook him.'

'Ormond turned back, and firmly standing, and firmly speaking, he said, coolly—'You did not mistake me formerly, Sir—but you mistake me now!—Sneaking!—Is there any man here, sober or drunk,' continued he, impetuously approaching the table, and looking round full in every face—'is there any man here dares to say so but yourself? You, *you* my benefactor, my friend; you have said it—think it you did not—you could not, but say it you may. *You* may say what you will to Harry Ormond, bound to you as he is—bound hand, and foot, and heart!—Trample on him as you will—*you* may—*No heart*—Oblige me, gentlemen, some of you,' cried he, his anger rising, and his eyes kindling as he spoke, 'Some of you, gentlemen, if any of you think so, oblige me by saying so. No gratitude, Sir!'—turning from them, and addressing himself to the old man, who held an untasted glass of claret as he listened, 'No gratitude! Have not I?—Try me, try me to the death—you have tried me to the quick of the heart, and I have borne it!'

'He could bear it no longer—he threw himself into the vacant chair—flung out his arms on the table, and laying his face down upon them, wept aloud. Cornelius O'Shane pushed the wine away. 'I've wronged the boy, grievously—' said he, and forgetting the gout, he rose from his chair, hobbled to him, and leaning over him—'Harry, 'tis I—look up, my own boy, and say you forgive me, or I'll never forgive myself. That's well,' continued he, as Harry looked up and gave him his hand—'That's well!—you've taken the twinge out of my heart, worse than the gout—not a drop of gall or malice in your nature, nor ever was, more than in the child unborn. But see, I'll tell you what you'll do now, Harry, to settle all things—and lest the fit should take me

ever to be mad with you on this score again. You don't choose to drink more than's becoming?—Well, you're right, and I'm wrong. 'Twould be a burning shame of me to make of you what I have made of myself—I was born afore the present reformation in manners, in that respect. We must do only as well as we can. But I will ensure you against the future—and before we take another glass. There's the priest—and you, Tom Ferrally there, step you for my swearing book. Harry Ormond, you shall take an oath against drinking more glasses than you please ever more, and then you're safe from me. But stay, you are a heretick. Phoo! what am I saying—'twas seeing the priest put that word *heretick* in my head—you're not a catholic, I mean. But an oath's an oath, taken before priest or parson—an oath, taken how you will, will operate. But stay, to make all easy, 'tis I'll take it'

'Against drinking—you! King Corny!' said Father Jos, stopping his hand, 'and in case of the gout in your stomach?'

'Against drinking!—do you think I'd perjure myself? No! But against pressing *him* to it—I'll take my oath I'll never ask him to drink another glass more than he likes.' pp. 273, 274.

He is thus left more free from control and made more master of himself, and every trying occasion, like this, develops in him new strength of character and internal resources. A sprain of his foot afterwards hindered him from his usual sports, and he had recourse to books for amusement, and thence became something of a reader and got from king Corny the surname of Harry Book-worm.

Time passes on very pleasantly between books and sport till the arrival of Dora, the daughter of this 'lord of all he surveyed,' and Mademoiselle O'Faley, her aunt. 'Dora was exceedingly pretty, not regularly handsome, but with most brilliant eyes—there was besides a childishness in her face, and in her slight figure, which disarmed all criticism on her beauty, and which contrasted strikingly, as Ormond thought agreeably, with her womanish airs and manner.'

A great revolution is immediately brought about under the auspices of Mademoiselle; Corny castle is according to good king Corny's notion converted into castle 'topsy-turvy' by carpenters, masons, painters, and glaziers—the boat is kept constantly in motion crossing and re-crossing the lake, to carry on a brisk commerce of messages and commissions; billetdoux and cards are flying in all directions, and the splen-

dours of fashion all at once shine out in the Black Islands. Mademoiselle O'Faley is a lady of no particular age, who glories in wielding the empire of this little beau monde ; she generally devotes herself to her friends and delights to carry on a thousand schemes and menœuvres for their sake. But all this does not satisfy her inordinate ambition ; she thinks 'there is no living, what you call *living*, out of Paris,' and the principal aim of her policy is to bring about the marriage of Ormond to Dora, and remove with them to that metropolis of pleasure and vanity. How far the sentiments of these two towards each other made this a hopeful scheme, may be gathered from the following conversation which took place after the mention of Connal, to whom Dora had been promised by her father.

'Dora saw that Ormond's eyes were fixed upon her ; she suddenly tasted, and suddenly started back from her scalding tea ; Harry involuntarily uttered some exclamation of pity ; she turned, and seeing his eyes still fixed upon her, said, 'Very rude to stare at anybody so, sir.'

'I only thought you had scalded yourself.'

'You only thought wrong.'

'At any rate, there is no great occasion to be angry with me, Dora.'

'And who is angry, pray, Mr. Ormond ? What put it in your head that I was doing you the honour to be angry with you ?'

'The cream ! the cream !' cried Miss O'Faley.

A sudden motion, we must not say an angry motion, of Dora's elbow, had at this moment overset the cream ewer, but Harry set it up again before its contents poured on her new riding habit.

'Thank you,' said she, 'thank you ; but,' added she, changing the places of the cream ewer and cups and saucers before her, 'I'd rather manage my own affairs my own way, if you'd let me, Mr. Ormond—if you'd leave me—I can take care of myself my own way.'

'I beg your pardon for saving your habit from destruction, for that is the only cause of offence that I am conscious of having given. But I leave you to your own way, as I am ordered,' said he, rising from the breakfast table.

'Sparring ! sparring, again, you two !' said Dora's father, 'But, Dora, I wonder whether you and White Connal were sparring that way when you met.'

'Time enough for that, Sir, after marriage,' said Dora.

Our hero, who had stood leaning on the back of his chair, fearing that he had been too abrupt in what he had said, cast a lingering

look at Dora, as her father spoke about White Connal, and as she replied ; but there was something so unfeminine, so unamiable, so decided and bold, he thought, in the tone of her voice, as she pronounced the word *marriage*, that he then, without reluctance, and with a feeling of disgust quitted the room, and left her 'to manage her own affairs, and to take her own way.' pp. 24—25.

Corny had long ago, and ten years before Dora was born, promised her to the eldest son of Connal of Glynn over a bowl of punch. This eldest son, a cowardly, clumsy, low-spirited fellow—in Mademoiselle's phrase *une grande bete*—demands the fulfilment of this promise, and Corny, though a very kind father, is a faithful performer of his engagements, and 'when he has once squeezed a friend's hand on a promise, 'tis as strong as if he had squeezed all the lawyers' wax in creation upon it.' This embarrassment is disposed of ; for Connal, 'who can ride no better than the sack that is going to the mill,' is thrown from his horse and killed. A new difficulty then springs up ; Connal's surviving twin-brother succeeds to the claim of Dora's hand. Black Connal, so he is called, who has been metamorphosed from an Irishman into a French officer, appears all flaming in gold. His cabriolet and French servant give a new turn to Mademoiselle's ideas. If Connal is the happy man, she sees her way clear to Paris. 'What,' says she to Dora, as Connal was approaching the castle, 'are you twisting your neck, child—I will have no toss at him, now—he is all the gentleman as you shall see—so let me set you all to rights.' 'I do not care how I look,' was the reply, 'the worse, the better.' Connal is introduced, and proves to be all the gentleman, according to Mademoiselle O'Faley's notions.

'At dinner he talked and carved—all life and gaiety and fashion ; he spoke of battles, of princes, operas, wine, women, cardinals, religion, politicks, poetry, and turkies stuffed with truffles ; and Paris forever ! Dash on ! at every thing ! hit or miss, sure of the applause of Mademoiselle ; and as he thought, secure of the admiration of the whole company of natives, from *le beau père*, at the foot of the table, to the boy who waited, or who did not wait, opposite to him, but who stood entranced with wonder, at all M. de Connal said, and all that he did, even to the fashion in which he stowed trusses of sallad into his mouth, with his fork, and talked through it all.' p. 56. vol. ii.

He does not at first take any notice of Dora ; whose vanity is piqued at this, and she determines ' to show him that young ladies, in this country, are not cyphers.' This disposition seconded by the contrivances of Mademoiselle soon overcomes her affection for Ormond. She is married to Connal, and away they drive with Mademoiselle to Paris.

Good king Corny is soon after killed by the bursting of his gun, and Ormond is left to himself, to Doctor Cambray and Middleton's Cicero. The death of lady O'Shane opens Castle Hermitage to him again, where parties and balls recommence, and he consoles his regret for Dora, by falling in love with three several ladies in the course of nine days.

He does not so soon recover from his fourth passion, inspired by a certain lady Mellicent ; but this does not prove fatal.

The death of his father had before this time sent him a world of money from the Indies, and it becomes his proper business to be a gentleman. He then begins to think in sad earnest of Miss Annaly, one of Miss Edgeworth's ' pattern women,' to whom the reader was long ago introduced and made to understand that she would turn out to be Mrs. Ormond in the end. He proceeds to a proposal which though not rejected, was, as he supposed, treated little better, being, as he thought, wholly neglected. This happened through a mistake, which is afterwards rectified to the satisfaction of all parties.

Ormond does not make the supposed neglect of his passion, an occasion of vain repinings, but partly from resentment and partly for other reasons, hastens away to Paris. We there meet again with Connal, and Dora and Mademoiselle, and have a picture of Parisian Society, which has become as familiar to us as Voltaire's profile was to the artist, who, it is related, could draw it in the dark and even make his dog describe it by gnawing a biscuit. But Miss Edgeworth draws this picture to the life ; the only objection is the commonness of the subject.

Sir Ulick is a speculator in business and politicks, whose schemes come to nothing in both, and he is very near sinking Ormond's fortune in his own ruin. He dies of chagrin—a warning against a plan of life that places one in dependence on the smiles of fortune, or the favour of the great or the small.

This tale is not so highly wrought as *Belinda*, *Ennui*, or the *Absentee*, and does not contain so many ingenious and sprightly allusions; but in one respect it is superiour to either of them, as it has not as we recollect any unsuccessful attempts at being smart. The interest does not continue to increase to the conclusion, but flags considerably after the scene is changed from the *Black Islands*, yet not so as to amount to any thing like a failure.

The persons are conceived with clearness and vivacity, and the performance is marked with the author's peculiar felicity in displaying manners. We are not presented with merely a few prominent and striking traits, but in this, as in her other works, she unravels with delicate ingenuity the complication of propensities within and influences from without. You have not the gross of what is said and done, but you vividly and distinctly perceive the circumstances and manner.—The conversations are enlivened, and action is every where characterised by the significant silence, look and gestures, and the meaning changes of countenance, which constitute the language of nature, and without which the conventional language of sounds is a poor and imperfect medium of communication. These and similar qualities of Miss Edgeworth's writing, as well as their philosophical turn, make them even more pleasing to a reader of taste on a second perusal. He has then less eagerness to press forward to events, and his attention is left more at leisure to search out the finer beauties and less obvious trains of thinking.

The tale we have been noticing is free from striking faults, and contains, besides what we have extracted, many passages that are exquisitely finished, such as the dialogue between Sir Ulick and Corny—Connal's conversation with Ormond respecting the approaching marriage of the former—and the funeral. But the finest part of the novel—and we know of nothing superiour in any novel—is Ormond's reflections after the 'sparring' at the tea-table, and the scene between him, and Dora and Shelah in the eleventh chapter. Towards the conclusion of the chapter, there is a simple but affecting and perfectly natural touch, which, however, to be fully felt should be read in its connexion—it is where Shelah, observing Harry's countenance to brighten, as she thought with affection for Dora and hope of their future union, says, 'I don't doubt but all the world will smile on ye yet. If it was *my* world it should.' There are two instances—one at

taking leave in Ireland, the other a conversation at Paris—in which Dora is very happily made to pay a just tribute to Ormond's worth, when she betrays the workings of a real attachment founded on personal respect, which is in general suppressed under the frivolity of her character and the vanity of her pursuits.

It has been sometimes objected to Miss Edgeworth that her works present no sketches of the great features of nature ; it would certainly be an improvement if she would give the reader more hints for imagining the scenes of action ; it makes him more at home and more familiar with the transactions. But she makes amends for this deficiency by her graphical exhibition of particular objects and her lively and almost sensible display of persons and actions.

The agreeable employment of remarking upon these volumes has led us on beyond our proposed limits ; we take leave of Miss Edgeworth, with the wish that we could have made her a better return for the pleasure and instruction her writings have given us, by doing them greater justice in our remarks.



ART. VI. *Geſchied en redekunſtig gedenschrift van Nederlands Herſtelling inden jare 1813, door J. H. Van der Palm. Amsterdam, 1816, pp. 172.*—*Historical and rhetorical account of the emancipation of the Netherlands, in the year 1813, by J. H. Van der Palm.*

THIS work is an offering, made to his country by Lieutenant Admiral Van Kinsbergen, of whom we are told in the preface, that he is the oldest of the naval heroes of Holland, and having spent his youth with distinction in the service of the state, is now enjoying, in the repose of an opulent old age, the respect and gratitude, which have attached to a life of usefulness and virtue. But his publick spirit is still active in retirement. He has only betaken himself to more tranquil modes of doing good. He is a friend of literature and the arts, as well as a sincere and enlightened patriot. He contributed in many ways to the late emancipation, and no one welcomed this event with more heart-felt joy. Nor was he contented with mere rejoicing. He seems to have considered, that posterity may claim to have transmitted, in all their warmth and freshness, the feelings, which at-